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ARTHUR E. BLACKMORE.

SENTA'S DREAM.

speeches, flattering looks—a festival of pleasure without passion, and indulgence without a to-morrow.

Then there is a dark mahogany upright, on the front of which the artist has painted "Senta's Dream." The scene represents the interior of Daland's house, with Senta sitting at the spinning wheel, and is taken from Wagner's opera "Der Fliegende Holländer." The maiden sees a vision of the ebony hull and masts with the blood-red sails of the ill-fated vessel floating upon the vapors of the fire. The painting grows out of the rich mahogany as a jewel in an appropriate setting.

The Steinway Company may surely be congratulated in having the inventive genius of this meritorious painter at their service.

#### TEN AMERICAN PAINTERS.

Why the coterie of men which exhibited their work at the Montross Gallery should adhere to this title is hard to tell. There have not been ten exhibiting together for some time—only eight had their work on view in the exhibition just closed. The selection of Mr. W. M. Chase to fill the vacant place of the late J. H. Twachtman, completes again the number of the elect.

This is an entirely arbitrary title; they surely are not *The* ten American painters. It is hard to tell, however, what the little brotherhood thinks about this.

In the meantime I cannot see why the two score of canvases shown could not legitimately have been hung in the Society Exhibition. They surely would have been accepted by the jury, and have added a graceful note to an exhibition of more than ordinary merit. But there—the old split comes to mind; forsooth, I had forgotten all about it, and so have the majority of people, who ask, Who are these outsiders? What is the matter with them? Do they consider themselves too good to be seen in the larger company? Do they wish to be singular? And a number of other questions.

Get together, brethren. Both the Academy and the Society are becoming less hide-bound, broader minded. True, there was a time when out-of-town men had little show with them—and several of the "Ten" hail from Boston. But *tempora mutantur*. This is the time for coöperation. Every man is needed to put his shoulder to the wheel in combined effort—not to pull his own little way. We need a large art palace, we need the revision of the duty on art, we need the recognition of American art by American buyers. All this may be gained by union, not by a frittering away of forces.

The exhibition to which I referred hung in the attractive gallery of Mr. Montross, and every canvas had full advantage of wall space and light.

Joseph De Camp's "In the Studio" was a delightful composition. Frank W. Benson's treatment of sunlight in his "Calm Morning" shows his mastery over his pigment—it is luminous. The dainty drawing in Mr. T. W. Dewing's "The Fortune Teller" makes a favorable impression. Willard L. Metcalf's "East Boothbay Harbor, Me.," is spacious. Edmund C. Tarbell is most satisfactory in his interiors, "A Girl

Crocheting," has some of Pieter de Hooghe's marvelous light handling. J. Alden Weir's "A Reverie" pleased me best among the half-dozen examples which he showed.

#### THE TARIFF ON ART.

The main stumbling block in the way of the removal of the Tariff on Art is the art ignorance of the majority of our legislators in the Congress and Senate. These men, most of them adroit politicians, alive only to commercial advantages or considerations of profit and loss, do not hold art as a vital part. Their attitude is one of cheerful ignorance and complete indifference towards art. Probably not a score of representatives nor a dozen senators have any adequate appreciation of it. It is difficult, not to say impossible, to persuade these congressional barbarians, who would not know a Rembrandt from a chromo, and at first glance would prefer the latter, that art means something to the development of a people.

If no subtler considerations prevail, these eminently practical legislators of ours should be reminded that art has its practical uses in its application to many breadwinning tasks, and greatly enhances the commercial prestige of a country. The wealth of France springs from the arts of the nation, and not until art is encouraged here instead of suppressed, will America be in a position to compete with France or Belgium on their own ground of design applied to the manufacture of fabrics, porcelains, and other costly merchandise. The present exclusive policy of fining persons of cultivated taste large sums for importing foreign masterpieces into this country meets with the hearty reprobation of all persons acquainted with America's artistic needs, and by none is it more vigorously censured than by American artists, the supposed beneficiaries of this application of the tariff, in reality driven by it to study and perhaps remain abroad, since there is scarce any opportunity for art students nor any genuine art atmosphere for American painters, at home.

Sooner than bar out priceless treasures by an almost prohibitive duty, as is now done, a reward should rather be offered to whomever brought such treasures, provided only that for a few weeks in each year they might be shown in some public place for the benefit of all.

There are some senators and congressmen who have artistic tastes, and these should shame their fellow legislators into a consideration of a question, interest in which offers—to say the least—an indication of culture.

The Art Club in Philadelphia has just closed an exhibition of watercolors and pastels which filled the gallery for a month, and which offered 239 numbers of varied degree of interest, but of an average high standard of merit.

The New York contributors added strength to the show, as signalized by the work of Rehn, Ritchel, Chapman, Yates, Pot-hast and others. Rosina E. Sherwood had a half-dozen examples which were an immense success. Her pastel work is a superior conquest in this method of pictorial presentation.

The Philadelphia contributors were, however, in no wise outclassed, and several of the aquarelles and pastels contributed by these artists were exceptionally strong. Of these I should single out the two watercolors signed L. M. Genth, a name which will be heard and noted some time. The work of A. M. Archambault, Ellen W. Ahrens and Eleonore P. Abbott, and "La Créole," by Sarah Y. McFadden, are superior in merit.

The gold medal was awarded to a marine, by William T. Richards, who in these later years of his painting demonstrates his power over his chosen subjects. The watercolor sent in by B. J. Blommers is one of the best examples I have ever seen of the artist, working in this medium.